

**they would just be  
jealous of us**

**drippingcandie**

## they would just be jealous of us by drippingcandie

**Category:** IT (2017)

**Genre:** Aged-Up Character(s), Fluffy Ending, Implied Sexual Content, Kissing, Language, M/M, Miscommunication, Misunderstandings, Secret Relationship, eddie doesn't know what rock n roll is, i never use that tag but i should probably start doing that, it's hiding, lots o kissing, lots of smoking, richie has the emotional intelligence of a potato, there's a lil angst, they're 18 though so

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, ben and mike don't have any lines but they're chillin

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-10-06

**Updated:** 2017-10-06

**Packaged:** 2020-01-24 17:51:46

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 4,499

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

"ha, frenching in french class."

"neither of us take french, and wait- were you smoking in here?"

or richie and eddie are secretly dating, richie smokes two packs a day.

## they would just be jealous of us

### Author's Note:

i'm back with another!

i thought this was going to be a series or something but it took a turn so. if you particularly like one of my characterizations in one of my one shots, tell me! i might just right some sequels or something.

i love these losers. they'll learn to communicate one day.

i also love richie and stan bickering.

enjoy!

*“children are innocent and teenagers are fucked up in the head, adults are more fucked up and the elderly are like children.”*

The soft hum of the song played from the record player as Eddie rearranged his band-aids for his first aid kit. The desk he was sitting at was cluttered with old food wrappers, rubber bands, and crumpled pages of homework. It wasn't exactly his ideal place to organize something that was supposed to be *sterile* .

“Do you not like *Porno for Pyros*, my dear Eddie Spaghetti?” Richie gasps from his place on the mattress, which was sitting directly on the floor. No box spring or bed frame. “That has to be like...a sin or something.”

Eddie grins as Richie starts to sing, horribly off key. Richie can really sing...when he's not trying to be funny. The desk squeaks when he

shuffles around the new contents of his fanny pack and he idly wonders when was the last time that Richie even bothered sitting down at the thing.

“Rock ‘n roll is for sinners.” Eddie jokes, turning around in the old wooden chair to look at the other boy. He’s sprawled out haphazardly, wrinkled sheets under him. The hole ridden comforter is just covering his feet and a Stone Temple Pilots poster is hanging directly over his head, crooked on the wall. His unruly black hair looks unbrushed and has grown down to his shoulders, while his tortoise shell glasses are balanced precariously on his nose. He’s reading some sort of comic book, but Eddie hadn’t really been paying attention to which one.

“Wanna hear what it sounds like playing backwards?” Richie throws the comic to the side and goes to the record player that’s sitting on his left-leaning dresser.. “Maybe we’ll hear the devil!”

“No Richie!” He goes to cover his ears before it starts. The noise grates against his ears but Richie doesn’t even seem to be phased, bopping his head along to the distorted melody of the song. They listen to the whole song, impeding Eddie’s progress by approximately four minutes, before Richie takes the needle off the record.

“You know how I hate that.” He says, scrunching his nose. Richie laughs, adjusts the record player so it goes back to its smooth hum. After that, he wades through the piles of dirty band tees and flannels to make it over to Eddie.

“But you *looooooove* me.” He sings, sitting in front of Eddie and awkwardly resting his head on Eddie’s lap. Richie is always so touchy, always trying to find more ways to get contact with anyone

ever. But especially Eddie.

Eddie cards his fingers twice through the boy's hair, not denying the other boy's statement, before gently shoving him away.

It's New Year's Day and they go back to school tomorrow. Eddie knows that his boyfriend's head is filled with *one more semester, one more semester*. He's excited, truly, for Richie. 'Cause then Richie can get out, away from Derry. Eddie wants to go to but he knows that his mother needs him. He's not sure what all of their other friends plans are, for after school is over or even today.

The question is answered when he hears a kick at Richie's window, which is a small rectangle near the ceiling due to the fact that his room is in the basement now. Richie hops up from his place on the floor and shakes out his hair.

"Richie!" It's Bill who's kicking the window and Stan is probably right behind him. Eddie dives towards the mattress, but ends up landing on the floor. Richie, not even giving him a chance to get on his original target, covers his body with the comforter before heading to the window.

"What're you doing, asshats?" Eddie can hear Richie opening the window, probably almost getting hit in the face as Bill goes to kick it again. "I've told ya time and time again that the Tozier's door is always open, ain't ever said nothing about the window."

"We just didn't want to walk in on you and whatever girl you decided to have over today." Stan says plainly, although he's joking. Eddie

knows he's joking at least, but to the outside ear it would be as if he's stating a fact.

"Oh, so we've got a line going? Who's next? Is it you, Uris?"

The banter goes back and forth. It's starting to get hotter under Richie's comforter. Eddie pats himself on the back for convincing Richie that his blankets and sheets should be washed regularly. When they were younger, it was no big deal. Eddie had always slept on the floor. Now that they cuddled on those sheets, he had to set some ground rules.

He's not really listening until Bill speaks up. "It's c-cold as shit, Rich. Le-let us in."

Eddie nervously picks at his cuticles, but then Richie speaks up and he can imagine the other boy shaking his head. "Nuh uh, no way. You didn't book an appointment." That makes Eddie want to chuckle. "What'd you want anyway? I'm a busy busy man and time is money around these parts."

"Do you know where Eddie is?" Stan is obviously annoyed with the antics at this point.

"What's it to ya?"

"His mo-mom is looking for him." Eddie is starting to feel bad. The cold must be really getting to Bill because his stutter is pretty bad

today. “Says he’ll get hyp-hypothermia if he’s out riding his bike. She was shouting an-and y-you know, w-w-we-”

“We offered to go find him.” Stan finishes for him.

“Well, I have no clue where my dear Eddie Spaghetti is.” Richie says, and it’s convincing like always. Eddie still feels bad because he knows Richie doesn’t like lying to his friends. They shouldn’t be keeping secrets. Richie thinks that it’ll protect Eddie in some way since Richie and all of his skeletons are already out of the closet. “Are you sure he’s not in his bathroom taking his fifth shower of the day?”

Stan doesn’t laugh. “No, Mrs. Kaspbrak looked everywhere.”

“E-Even flipped over the co-couch cushion.”

Richie’s laugh echoes around his room and Eddie can imagine him holding his stomach. “Ha!” He’s about a breath away from wheezing. “He probably would fit under there. Not here at Casa del Tozier there, sorry to break your hearts.”

“St-still up for hanging at m-mine later?”

“Sounds like a plan. I’ll make sure Eddie knows, ‘m sure I’ll see him before then.” Richie agrees.

“Could you give us a hint where he is?”

“Stan the man, if you’re playing hide’n’sseek with ‘im, why would I give you his location? That’s a whole lot of cheating. Thought you liked playing by the rules. I know your m-”

“Okay, Trashmouth. See you later.”

Eddie hears the window close and throws the comforter off of him. Richie is standing there, all lanky limbs and flushed cheeks, with a goofy grin on his face. “It’s a real fucking cold one, babe. Like someone is bound to freeze their ti-”

“Is this why the drama teacher always gives you the shortest monologues?” Eddie laughs as Richie plops on the mattress, his body making a thump when it hits the floor through the threadbare thing. He pats the spot next to him as if inviting Eddie over and he hastily climbs up to sit with his boyfriend.

“You’re just jealous that I’m such an impeccable actor! I will a Tony someday.”

“You mean an Oscar. An Academy Award, Richie.”

Richie scoffs as if to say *does it really matter?* before pulling Eddie up into his lap. Eddie wants to whine because no, he does not like being manhandled. Richie kisses him before he can even detest the whole situation, shifting on the mattress so Eddie’s legs are straddling him.



The kiss is slow and Eddie's hands frame the other boy's face. Richie's hands are on his hips like a vice, then he tilts his head to deepen the kiss. He tastes like cigarettes and strawberry hard candy. His hands are wandering up Eddie's back, up his shirt--

"Richie." Eddie makes an attempt to say it sternly. "We really can't." His breath is ripped right out of him when he looks directly in the other boy's eyes. They've got their everyday mischievous look to them with just a little something more.

"Oh, my dear, yes we can." Richie's lips latch onto his neck, hands going back to rest on Eddie's hips.

"My mother thinks I'm running around Derry, catching hypothermia." He tugs back a little bit. "I've gotta get home."

Richie groans and leans his head against Eddie's shoulder. "I know I talk about fucking your mom, like a lot, but she is such a *boner* killer." He whines when Eddie climbs off of him, trying to steal one last kiss.

"I'll see you at Bill's, right?"

"Mhm, it's movie night." Richie waggles his eyebrows suggestively at him. "Now it's time for me to be a gentlemen and walk you to the door."

Richie hooks their arms together, like a proper gentleman, and starts

to walk Eddie upstairs. Eddie tries really hard to ignore the fact that Richie's mom is passed out drunk on the couch at 2 p.m. He doesn't say anything, knows Richie will just crack some sort of joke.

When the pair make it to the door, Richie sends him off with a sweet kiss on the forehead and a whisper in his ear of what they plan on doing tonight. It makes Eddie blush bright red.

"Now go have a nice chat with Mrs. K about how good I am in bed."

Eddie gives him a loving kick to the shin before running home.

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It's school the next day and nothing is going right. He blames it all on yesterday.

When he got home, his mother chewed him out to no end. He kept saying she was playing board games with Ben, his usual cover up, but she just didn't want to believe him. He almost thought he wouldn't be able to go to Bill's, but she would on the condition that he had some sort of escort. So he called Richie up, because that's what he always did and Richie had a car with a heater (don't get him wrong, riding on the back of Bill's bike wasn't the worst, but it was below freezing). It was so embarrassing when Richie showed up at the doorstep. Eddie was eighteen. Eighteen! He didn't need to be escorted anywhere.

Movie night is...good. Not that Eddie actually paid any damn attention to the movie. Everytime he began to focus, Richie's hands would sneak up his shirt or down his pants. It's not like he was complaining, but Bill and Stan were right there! The only reason they couldn't see them was because the light was off and they were sharing a blanket.

And now it's morning again, 10 a.m. to be exact. Richie had given him a ride to school this morning. He guesses that's one of the perks of having a significant other. Now he was wandering the halls, trying to deliver mail. He would much rather be taking an actual class, but nothing would fit so he works in the office.

He doesn't know any of the new teachers, nor does he really care to know them. He never memorized room numbers, only their location in relation to his other classes. The foreign language hall was something he hadn't even touched since sophomore year, so it was making his job significantly more difficult.

It's when hands are on his shoulders, pulling him into a dark classroom, he realizes being the secretary's assistant is the worst job ever.

Even though Henry Bowers is long gone, Eddie still lived in fear of being beat to a pulp. It hadn't actually happened since first semester of junior year when he had gotten shoved into a locker. It took Richie and Stan a whole hour to find him.

Thank fucking god, because it's only Richie who had grabbed him and pushed him up against the now closed door. "What's up, Kaspbrak?" He says, crowding their bodies against each other.

“You’re fucking insane, Richie. Whose classroom is th-”

“Hold up.” He’s not telling Eddie to shut up, just press pause. “How many sweatshirts are you wearing?” Richie’s hands are fiddling under Eddie’s first layer of clothing right above the waistband of his jeans. Eddie blushes and holds what Richie had coined as a ‘sweater paw’ up to his own worn face.

“Three.”

“And I’m the one that’s insane.” Richie didn’t sound exasperated at all. He just smiled that real sweet smile of his and went in for a small peck on Eddie’s uncovered cheek.

Eddie takes one quick glance at his outfit and wonders how the other boy isn’t freezing. His shirt doesn’t even have sleeves! There’s about three different gaping holes in the legs of his jeans. Was he even wearing socks with his shoes. “The heating hasn’t kicked in yet.” His teeth clacked together.

Richie races forward, slotting their lips together. It’s a real fast, hot kiss that Eddie would normally appreciate if he hadn’t just gotten jumped in the hallway. At least Richie is a human space heater, radiating warmth as his hands slide up Eddie’s stomach. Eddie reaches up and wraps his arms around the other boy’s neck, trying his very best to pull him in as close as possible. That’s what he’s really going to miss over these few weeks of being under house arrest. Kissing Richie.

Pulling back to breathe, Richie gives him one of those lopsided smiles that turn his insides into actual mush. “We’re in Ms. Harrison’s room by the way.” Eddie notices the Eiffel tour posters and the red, white, and blue flag hanging above the desk in the corner. Richie laughs. “Ha, frenching in French class.”

“Neither of us take French, and wait- were you *smoking* in here?” Richie had been doing that alot lately and Eddie was starting to get concerned. Maybe they needed to have an intervention? How many packs did Richie go through a day? What was he so stressed about?

“She already smokes like a chimney.” By the smell on Richie’s breath, Eddie is guessing maybe two packs and that yes, an intervention is much needed. “Mr. Q thinks I’m usin’ the loo, no need to worry about getting caught.” He mouths at Eddie’s jaw. Staying here in the classroom seemed very tempting.

“I can walk you back to class. Say you were helping me.” And Eddie Kaspbrak grins mischievously, which he wouldn’t imagine himself doing in a million years.

He pretends he doesn’t see the little glimpse of nervousness in Richie’s eyes, which flickers just for one moments before going back to their devilish glint. “Wow, Kaspbrak, I’m quite the bad influence, huh? Bill and Stan are in that class, so I think I’ll have to pass on your offer.” Eddie deflates just the tiniest bit. “But I’ll dash on out of here and make it up to you later when good ole Mrs K. releases you from your shackles, yeah?”

Eddie nods dumbly and then Richie steals one last kiss. Then he’s gone just as fast as he appeared.

He tries not to be a little disappointed. He knows it would be suspicious if Richie and Him showed up to Mr. Quincy's class with swollen lips and mussed hair. This whole situation of hiding and running and hiding, over and over again, is getting too frustrating. He slams his fist once against the door to get out the pent up energy before looking down at the papers. Ms. Harrison's name is scribbled in the secretary's handwriting at the top.

What a coincidence, Eddie thinks, before slamming the papers on her desk and pouting all the way back up to the office.

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It's a day later and they're at the Barrens.

It took some lying, which Eddie had gotten really good at now. He told his mother he had to go to the library with Jeffrey. He doesn't even know a Jeffrey. She actually didn't question all that much, just asked if he hung out with all those other rowdy boys and that Marsh girl. Eddie had shook his head furiously, kissed her on the cheek, and made a mad dash.

The only issue with being at the Barrens is that it's still fucking January. Cold as shit. And he had only brought two sweatshirts and a vest. There's ice on the ground, goddammit. Why couldn't they have just gone to Bill's? He's actually pretty sure he would rather be at the actual library.

Everyone is sitting in a circle on the rocks and some long since dead logs. Their little radio plays New Kids On The Block, something that obviously wasn't just a phase with Ben. It's playing in the background so it doesn't really matter.

Stan is curled up under a blanket with Bill, while Mike sits beside them wrapped in his own worn out comforter. Bev lays out on her blanket, claiming she's warm blooded and her coat is enough. Ben leans against a rock, where he has almost built a mini fortress with Bev's extras. Richie leans against a tree stump the farthest away from Eddie, smoking his third cigarette in the past hour, in nothing but a sweatshirt and jean jacket.

Eddie wants his human space heater to be sitting right there, but he's not. He's in the same boat as Richie though, because it would've been suspicious to bring blankets if he was going to the library.

"Jennifer Riles is a bitch." Bev says, staring at the grey winter sky as the boys sit around her. "She thinks I'm trying to steal her boyfriend."

Richie scoffs "Miss Marsh, fairest of the fair, trying to go out with Dennis Waller?" He says it like he's from the deep south, like a Southern Belle. "A woman like yourself should be going out with true gentlemen, like myself."

It's a joke and he knows it is because Richie and everybody else is laughing. Eddie offers little smile that he can muster. He never really laughed at any of Richie's jokes like that, only a few really had ever gotten him. When the group's laughing dies down, Bev speaks up again.

“Richie Tozier? A gentleman?” Yes, Eddie thinks. Yes he is. Bev makes grabby hands towards the denim clad boy. “Gimme a cigarette then, pretty boy.”

“You all should really try quitting,” Stan pipes up, rolling his eyes. “A waste of money, time, and clean air.”

“A-fucking-men.” Eddie mutters.

“Thanks mom, didn’t ask for the advice.” Richie digs around in his pockets, trying to get a grasp on the box. When he opens it, he lets out a huff. “I only have one left, so no. Sorry Bevs.” He actually does sound a little sorry.

“Well, why can’t I have it?” She smiles that smile of hers. “I’ll give you two out of my next pack, just for spotting me.” Eddie suddenly feels a little uncomfortable watching this whole trade deal go down. He wants to shout at Richie to just hand her the damn cigarette, it’s no big deal. He can get more.

“I plan on smoking it. Like, y’know, you’re supposed to do. Can’t be bumming them off me forever anyway.”

“You’ve had three.” Eddie really doesn’t even realize that he is speaking. His voice is small as he fumbles with his cuticles, a nervous habit he catches himself participating in more and more often. His teeth are still clacking together from the cold, and he found himself wiggling his toes every once in a while to make sure he could still



feel them. “Ju-just give her the damn cigarette.”

Richie gives him some sort of venomous look that he’s never even fucking seen before. “Well, god-fucking-dammit. Guess I will then. Even though your mom totally smoked four right before she slid into my bed last night, Kaspbrak.”

Eddie doesn’t make eye contact, just stares at his cuticles a little while longer. Something is wrong and Richie isn’t telling him shit. It makes him mad as hell.

Stan is looking between the pair and coughs, a dry, heavy cough and it breaks the tension just a little bit. What if Stan is getting sick? Maybe they should go home, maybe they should call it a day. “You should apologize for that one.” His voice is quiet, maybe still recuperating from the cough, but also calm.

“It’s fine.” Eddie mutters, glancing at his watch. “I need to get back home.” When he stands up, the gravel digs into his palms. Then he looks at Richie.

Richie is looking at him like he knows he’s fucked up. Lips parted, eyes a little too wide behind his glasses, looking as if he is ready to jump up and run after his kinda-sorta-boyfriend. Eddie gives him a look that says *don’t* and Richie’s shoulders slump.

He walks up the grass hill to mount his bike when he hears Stan speak up.

“Looks at you like you put stars in the sky and you treat him like a piece of trash, Tozier.”

“Get your nose out of Bill’s damn books and Ben’s fucking poetry, Uris. It’s none of your fucking business.”

Eddie’s heart had soared at Stan defending him, and plummeted right back down to his stomach when Richie opened his mouth. He’s glad he’s going home, the temperature was about as cold as Richie’s tone.

Eddie skips school the next day, claiming he has a head cold.

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It’s Friday, two days after the day at the Barrens, and school had just let out.

Eddie storms out of Chem, easily weaving through the groups of people to make it to his destination as quickly as possible, before his target can climb into the rusty ass truck that’s sitting out in the school parking lot.

And there he is. He stands out above the crowd, even with his head ducked into his locker, probably searching for candy he threw in there before winter break even started. Eddie always carries gum and candy for Richie. It has a designated pouch in his backpack, and he is so tempted to go digging for it right now. He doesn’t.

Instead, he finds himself stomping up to Richie's locker, who doesn't even look up from the task at hand. He stomps his foot again as if it will even get Richie's attention. He should just say it.

"How much does it suck being in the closet?"

And he didn't mean to say it like that. In fact, he imagined having this discussion in Richie's car or room. Not in the middle of the hallway. The fact of the matter is that--

"I'm not in the closet, dipshit." It's not venomous like the other day at the Barrens. "Everyone knows I'm a homo, okay?"

Eddie is too stupid and in far too deep to stop now. "But you're basically in the closet." He insists. "I'm in the closet and you're dating me, right? So no one really knows that you are dating a guy. So you're in the closet."

"I'm not in the closet, Eds. I get where you're coming from bu--"

"Well, I'm in the fucking closet and it sucks!" He says a little too loudly, stamping his foot petulantly like a child. A few heads turn, but only for a moment. Most people are clearing out of the hall by now, just stragglers making their way to the front door are left.

"Keep your fucking voice down, Kaspbrak, unless you want to find

yourself dangling from the bridge or shoved in a locker.” Richie’s voice is low, warning him, because Richie still cares. Richie may be frustrated and mad but he still cares and that’s what matters.

“I wouldn’t mind that happening if it meant you weren’t so stressed.” Eddie says with sincerity.

“You can’t go around trying to save me all the time, Eddie. Okay? I’m not stressed.”

Eddie wants to explode, mostly due to the fact that Richie has the emotional intelligence of a shitty root vegetable. “You’re being a hypocrite.” He huffs as Richie shuts his locker firmly. “You’re so stressed and it’s because you’re trying to protect me from threats that probably don’t even exist.”

“They do!” He’s never seen Richie explode like that. “They do exist Kaspbrak, and I don’t want you to be the next victim, okay? Run into the wrong person at the wrong time and you’ll be fucking done. Won’t be around to lecture me about how much I smoke, or the cavities I get from that stupid candy, or steal my fucking jacket.”

Eddie stands there dumbly. “I’d come out of the closet for you, you know.” Richie is breathing behind clenched teeth as Eddie continues. “I’d do it a thousand times over if it made you happy.”

“It would make me so happy if you could do it and be safe. But you can’t. So we’re just going to keep doing what we’re doing.”

“What we’re doing isn’t working.” Eddie says flatly, looking at him, looking at this whole situation. It’s so fucking ridiculous.

“You’re not breaking up with me, are you?” Richie says dumbly, hands falling to his sides. He looks like a kicked puppy.

“No.”

Richie goddamn Tozier is probably the love of his life, his first love, his last love, whatever love comes in between those. And he’s tearing himself up to keep Eddie safe from everyone. From the bullies, from his mother, even from their fucking friends. Their friends! Why would it hurt if they’re friends knew? Richie Tozier may be annoying as hell, may make too many mom jokes, may smoke too many cigarettes, but god dammit. Richie Tozier was Eddie Kaspbrak’s. And Richie Tozier was looking at him dumbly. So Eddie does the only thing he knows how to do.

He throws his arms around Richie’s neck, leans forward on his toes, and smashes his mouth against his.

Richie seems shocked and knocked off balance, stumbling backwards just a bit. But he doesn’t pull back. He grips Eddie’s sides and pulls him a little closer. It’s not a messy kiss at all, but this is the hardest their lips have ever been pressed together.

Eddie thinks this is right. And like...fuck it. If he’s stuffed in a locker tomorrow because some football player with an ugly mug didn’t like it, that was fine and fucking dandy with him. Because this is perfect. They’re finally free, or whatever other cliché shit Richie was probably

thinking at the moment.

There's a wolf whistle down the hall.

It's Bill fucking Denbrough, wolf whistling. Flanked by the rest of the Loser's Club.

Richie tries to jump back but Eddie's grip is firm as he gets up on his tip-toes to whisper in Richie's ear.

"They're just jealous of us."

**Author's Note:**

his me up at @ trshmthtozler on twitter!

(i also fill prompts)